

aware by NotJ0shDun

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Blow Jobs, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, First Time, Fuckbuddies, Hand Jobs, Hate Sex, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Period-Typical Homophobia, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Slow Burn, Smut, billy is hot and hes there, he needs someone to blame for all the fucked up shit in his life, he then realized that nancy is probably his best friend, he thinks abt death every 7 seconds, hopper is like the dad steve wished he had, mentions of Nancy Wheeler, steve is heartbroken, steve is so overdramatic, steve starts to hate nancy

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Summary:

billy and steve are two pieces of different puzzles.
they make it work, though.

1. he loves me

Author's Note:

im writing this while listening to sam smith at 1 am
this is gonna get real depressing

Steve was not okay.

Yet he tried to convince himself he was, he knew deep down, that he wasn't.

School used to be easy for him. It was a routine, something he kind of found himself looking forward to on lonely Sunday nights when all he could hear was his thoughts and the blood rushing to his ears. Oh, and Nancy.

Nancy.

He loved her so much. When they first started dating, he would find himself looking at her when she didn't know, admiring her beauty. She was so smart and kind, and happy, and optimistic, and everything that Steve *wasn't*.

He wanted to be a good boyfriend to her. He thought he was, maybe fighting a fucking interdimensional demon would bring them closer together, but it only made things worse. After their fight at the party, Steve had to put his feelings on hold to protect the kids. Don't get him wrong, he would do it again in a heartbeat, but after everything was said and done, Steve was hit with a wave of emotions that he couldn't handle. All day, he would think of Nancy and how she was happy with Jonathan, and how Jonathan was so much better than him at everything.

Sometimes, he thought he heard them laugh at him when he walked past in the hallway.

And of course, all night he dreamt about the demodogs, dreamt about them killing each of the kids before taking him. And on those nights, he found himself waking after a mere 3 hours of sleep, panting and

sweating, whispering to himself *its okay, they're fine, its all gonna be okay, the gate closed stop fucking worrying and get some goddamn sleep-*

So, he decided, he would babysit the kids more often. He liked taking care of them.

It was more of a reassurance for him though, at least he knew the kids were safe when he was with them.

That's how he ended up outside of the Hargrove house at 10:28 pm on a Sunday night. After dropping off Dustin and Lucas, Max was the only one left. After hearing the whole story of how Will disappeared, he couldn't let the kid's bike home knowing that something was lurking beyond the shadows for them.

He made sure to watch Max walk to the front porch, and continued to watch as someone opened the door to make sure she got home one-hundred-percent safe. He began to start his car up again when he heard someone yell his name.

"Harrington!"

Steve looked around to put a face to the disembodied voice, finally seeing none other than Billy Hargrove.

Steve stepped out of his car, walking around to the passenger's side and leaning on the car door.

"What do you want, *Billy*?" Steve replied, putting emphasis on the others first name because *why did he always refer to him as his last name*?

Billy took a drag from his cigarette and walked a bit closer to Steve. "Seems like your bruises have healed, or is that makeup, *pretty boy*?" Billy said, voice low and husky, throat still a bit raw from the cigarette.

Steve laughed and stepped forward. "Did you actually have something to say, or did you come out here to be a nuisance? Because I've got places to be." Of course, He knew that there was nowhere else he could be, either at home in his big empty house, at night, alone with his thoughts or here.

Here, he chose.

"Well, I saw you pull up to my house with my little sister, *alone*, and thought I would step outside and we could y'know, talk. Do you always drive with prepubescent girls alone or did that just happen after-" Billy paused to take another long drag of his cigarette, looking like he was deep in thought, and laughed. "-Natalie broke up with you? I didn't take you as a perv."

Steve didn't find anything about what he said funny.

"Nancy. Her name is Nancy. And no, I'm not a fucking perv, and I don't think that's a nice way of you to thank me for taking time out of my day to drive your goddamn-"

Billy cut him off with a deep gravelly laugh grabbing his sides and bending over for support.

Steve didn't understand what was so *goddamned* funny.

"I didn't realize Natasha meant so much to you that hearing her name wrong was the first thing you had to comment on," Billy said, damn there doubled over in laughter.

Steve lunged for him, ready to shut this piece of shit up.

But Billy was quicker.

He pushed Steve back onto his car, Steve grunting as the door handle dug into his back, and grabbed his collar.

"Now, now *King Steve*, don't get so heated! We don't need to have me beat your ass again, do we?" Billy said, leaning into Steve's ear so fucking close Steve would later swear he felt his lip drag across his earlobe.

But right now, Steve's nose was so close to Billy's neck and he could smell *everything*, from his intoxicating cologne to the smell of cigarettes to a smell that was so unique, he would have to label it *Billy*. And he was pressed so flush against his body and *oh god, this was hot*.

Wait, what?

Did he think Billy Hargrove was *hot*?

Of course he didn't.

But his dick sure did, at the rate it was pressing against his jeans.

Steve pushed the other boy off him, watching as he stammered back and fell to the pavement. He bent down to punch him in the jaw but was thrown off when Billy grabbed his shirt, pulling him down on top of him.

Steve was now on top of Billy, with the latter's knee pressed against his groin and his breath on his cheek.

Steve was on *fire*.

Both the boys were out of breath, having just knocked the wind out of each other. Steve pushed himself up off the ground, grabbing Billy's hand to bring him up, only to be pushed back into his car. Again. Then, Billy did something that Steve was not prepared for.

He grabbed his dick.

Steve immediately tensed up, causing Billy to smirk.

"Think I didn't notice this, pretty boy?" Billy said, cocking his head and continuing to smirk. When Steve didn't respond, Billy moved his hand in the slightest, causing the other to let out a breathy sigh.

"I *said*, did you think I didn't notice this?" Billy repeated himself, pushing his knee in between the others leg and slowly moving it up and down, sending waves of pleasure throughout the other boy's body.

Fuck. Why did this feel so good? Maybe because Steve hadn't gotten any action since, well, Nancy. But he didn't need to think about that right now, all he needed to think about was Billy's hand on his hips, his knee rubbing against his dick and oh my *god* was that Billy's dad?

Steve pushed Billy off of him so quickly, he could swear he gave the

boy whiplash. Before he could get a sentence out about why he pushed him, Billy's dad was red-faced and charging for him, with murder in his eyes. Billy's eyes widened, and he mouthed a quick 'Go' before turning around to face his father.

Steve was already ahead of him.

Before Billy's father even reached him, Steve was already shoving his keys in the ignition and slamming on the gas.

The last thing Steve saw before speeding off was Niel's fist connecting with Billy's jaw, sending him falling to the pavement.

2. for who i am

Summary for the Chapter:

steve had 100 problems. billy was 99 of them, and nancy was the other 1.

Notes for the Chapter:

hello! im back! as i said last time, i have to donate my time to this fic and i did! it took me so long to write this but i wanna tell u guys that i wanna do a regular update schedule but its probably not gonna happen bc i cant write for like 2 weeks and then i get really inspired and it all comes pouring out. so yeah. enjoy!

As Steve walked through the hallways, he weaved through groups of people looking for one specific person, who was either avoiding him or skipped school today. He hoped it was the latter.

As he pushed through the hoards of people to find Billy, he heard the unmistakable perky voice of none other than Nancy Wheeler calling to him from somewhere down the hall. *Fuck. Not this, not now.* He knew that once Nancy had him in her sights, she wouldn't let him go until she was done with him.

"Steve! Steve, wait up!" Nancy called, slightly jogging down the hall to catch up to him.

Steve sighed and turned on his heel, giving one last look over his shoulder to see if he saw Billy before smiling towards the shorter girl.

"Hey Nance, whats up?" Steve said, having to ignore the urge to grind his teeth. It wasn't like he hated Nancy, it just seemed like she felt bad for him, because every time she talked to him it was to ask if was okay or if he wanted to hang out with her and Jonathan. Plus, he had other things to do right now to occupy his time.

"Are you busy tonight? I was wondering if you wanted to go to this

party." Nancy said, looking at him with this look that he could only explain as *'sorry I led you on for a year and then broke up with you at a party but I don't wanna be a bad person so please come to this party?'*. Steve had 101 better things to do, almost all of them including being alone in his home, in the dark. But of course, no matter how much he wanted to say no and tell her to just *piss off*, he would always agree to whatever she asked of him because of course, *he still loved her*.

Steve sighed and rubbed his hand on the back of his neck, giving one last glance around the hallways to see if he could spot Billy before looking at Nancy.

"No, I'm free. Whose party is it?" Steve said, trying to think of any excuse he could think of at the last minute to get out of this.

"Who cares?" She said, letting out a small chuckle, "It will probably be our last party before we go off to college."

Right. College. As if Steve could possibly be any more stressed than he was right now.

"Yea, sure, I'll go I guess. Tell me the address later, will ya'? I've got to run." Steve said before turning around and walking the other direction, hearing a soft and deflated 'sure' from Nancy.

Maybe if Steve had ignored Dustin when he asked him for that *goddamn* bat, he wouldn't be stuck in the hole that he is in now. Of course, if he could go back and do it all over again, he would still help those little shits fight the demo-dogs because he cared about them, and he wouldn't want anything to happen to them. And maybe a little part of him knew what it was like to have no one to look too growing up, and he wouldn't wish that feeling of emptiness on his worse enemy.

He missed the late admission to most of the colleges he wanted to go to, and if he wanted to go to college *anyway* was still up in the air. Of course, he wanted to get away from this town, but now that he knew of the seriously fucked up shit that was lurking in the corners of this town, he felt like he had to stay. To protect those who were unaware, to protect the kids, to protect Nancy. To stop anything like what

happened to Barb from happening again. Barb, Bob, *Jesus Christ* demo-dogs seemed to like the letter b. Who was next? *Billy*? Another reason to stay in Hawkins.

Steve scoffed and was shaken out of his thoughts by the sound of the bell, slightly jumping at the jarring sound. He walked into the classroom, falling down into his seat and hoping to make it through the rest of the day without self-destructing.

2401 Warren Street.

Steve glanced at the address written down on the paper, then back at the house. He recognized it, he had been to a party here before, but he didn't know exactly whose house it was. He crumpled up the paper and checked in the rearview mirror, making sure his hair was up to par. He was already here, why waste gas and drive all the way back home?

He stepped out of his car, closing the door a little bit too hard and taking a deep breath.

This was the first party he had been to since him and Nancy broke up.

He walked up the pathway, chuckling to himself as he saw that there was already two people passed out on the lawn. Walking through the already open door, he could smell the whiskey and sweat floating through the air. He sighed to himself, wondering if he was going to make it out of this alive.

He quickly found the alcohol table, grabbing a red cup full of whiskey and quickly downing it.

Feeling the warm liquid trickle down his throat, he suppressed a cough by putting his hand over his mouth, attempting to swallow the burning feeling.

"That was a bad idea," Nancy said, walking up to him, laughing. Clearly, she had seen him, and Steve wished he had never been born. He felt his tense muscles relax a bit, involuntarily, of course, with the

whiskey flowing through his veins, and let out a slight forced chuckle.

"Yeah, but I can't stand the taste of whiskey when you sip it. Tastes like rubbing alcohol." Steve replied, throat still raw from the drink. They stood in a moment of awkward silence before Steve spoke up.

"Where's Jonathan?" Steve said, trying to sound as normal as he could while asking about his ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend. She looked slightly shocked, but laughed it off and pointed towards the kitchen.

"He doesn't really like alcohol, so he went to get some water. Actually, I should get back to him now," she said, before quickly rubbing his shoulder, "Have some fun! Don't get too wasted though, unless someone is driving you home." She chuckled, turning around before giving him one last look and headed towards Jonathan.

Steve, having finally being left alone, began to wander through the house. He saw at least 8 people making out, a couple people sitting in a smoke circle, and two people chugging beer out of a pitcher.

Pick your poison.

Steve had no one to make out with, that cup of whiskey had given him more than enough alcohol then he felt like consuming tonight, so he eventually decided on joining the smoke circle. He quickly picked an open spot in the circle and started to join in on their conversation. He barely knew the people in the circle, but all he needed was to smoke and then he could leave the party and enjoy his high somewhere quieter.

After a few pulls, Steve began to feel the calming effects of the weed. He scanned to room looking for someone to talk to, eyes landing on Nancy and Jonathan in a corner, laughing at something only funny to them, living in their own bubble.

I remember when we were like that, he thought to himself, feeling a longing in his chest. No matter how much he told himself that they weren't going to last *anyway*, even if Jonathan wasn't in the picture, he still felt like he did something wrong. He didn't even know how they got together, all he knew is she disappeared for 2 days and when

she came back, she told him she was sorry and walked off with Jonathan. Of course, he wished that he and Nancy could have been together forever, a picture-perfect couple, growing old together and living their best lives. But he also wished that there wasn't an alternate dimension under Hawkins, and he wished that he could get through his day without thinking about Nancy or the fucking Upside Down.

He felt someone hitting his arm, and he looked in the direction of the hit. Someone was trying to pass him the joint, but he was too in his own head to even notice.

"Dude, you are already way stoned. Are you sure you still wanna smoke?" The person holding the blunt said. Steve scoffed and grabbed the joint, taking a long pull before passing to the next person. He ignored to burn in his throat, shakily letting out the smoke and falling back onto the couch. He turned his head to the left, to scan the room and saw the worst possible thing he could see at the moment.

Billy.

Billy Hargrove standing across the room from him, in all his glory, chatting up some random girl while laughing about something that only they knew. Steve watched them, watched as Billy moved hair out of the girls face, watched as he put his hand on her hip and pulled her close, watched as he kissed her, and watched as he opened his eyes and looked at Steve directly in his eye.

Stevens breath hitched in his throat, not knowing how to react or even breathe. He continued to watch paralyzed as Billy kissed this random girl with so much enthusiasm, and continued in this dumbass staring contest with Billy until he couldn't anymore. He got out of his seat and walked towards the door as calmly as he could before pushing through the door - *who the fuck closed the door? it's too fucking hot in here* - and heading to his car. He stopped in front of his car confused.

Why was he so mad?

It's not like he was attracted to Billy, right? He was only turned on last night because he hadn't gotten action in a long time. He felt the

same way he did when Nancy would hang out with Jonathan, which he could only name as...

Jealousy?

Why would he be jealous? Even if he *was* jealous, he was probably jealous of the fact that Billy was able to pull so many girls so easily. He was definitely mad that Billy just stared at him while making out with someone like it was just normal. Maybe, he was a bit mad that Billy grabbed his dick last night and left him high and dry today, but Steve most definitely wasn't jealous.

"Harrington! Where ya' headed to so quickly? The party barely fuckin' started." He heard Billy before he saw him, turning around the face the boy who was running through his mind.

"I'm tired and high, and I want to go home." Steve said sharply, not wanted to deal with Billy's shit right now.

"Yeah, I saw you lighting it up in there earlier. What are you tryin' to forget?" Billy said, voice slightly slurred.

You, asshole.

"No one, asshole. Is it a problem that I smoked a little?" Steve replied, rolling his eyes.

"Course not, princess." Billy said, smirking in a way which anyone would find cute (mostly because he was drunk), but Steve didn't care about the smirk.

Princess?

Steve did not know what was happening, but it seemed like every little thing that Billy said or did affected him. He didn't know how to respond, so he awkwardly coughed and walked over to the driver's side. He opened the door and stepped in, ignoring Billy's laughing at his response to the nickname. As he began to put his key in the ignition, the passenger door opened and Billy slid in and leaned back like he fucking *owned* the car.

"The fuck? What are you doing?" Steve said staring at Billy, half

wanting him to get out of his car and half hoping he could stay. No matter how much he wanted to sit there and enjoy the presence of the other boy, he was seriously annoying him.

"You are high as all shit right now, Harrington. I'm not gonna let you die driving, you are the only reason-," Billy stopped himself, taking a deep breath before continuing his sentence, "-You're my only source of entertainment in this stupid ass deadbeat town."

"You seemed to be pretty entertained back there at the party with that girl." Steve responded, trying to make a lighthearted joke but ended up sounding more like an attack.

Billy just laughed it off though. "Don't get your panties in a twist, Harrington. Just drive."

So he did. He drove aimlessly for almost 10 minutes before turning to Billy and asking where they were going.

"Your house?" Billy said definitively, but Steve heard the undertone of questioning. After witnessing Billy's scuffle with his father last night, he had a pretty good idea why he didn't want to go home. So he hummed in agreement, changing his route to go back to his house. After about 15 minutes of silence, they pulled up to Steve's house.

"Jesus fucking christ princess, this place is fucking huge! The fuck do you need all this space for? You should start a fucking orphanage. You'd make bank." Billy said, giggling while looking at Steve then back at the house.

There goes that fucking nickname again.

Steve stepped out of the car, sizing up his own house and chuckling. "Yeah, I guess I could."

"You got a pool? Please tell me you got a fucking pool with this big ass house." Billy said jumping out of the car, he looked like a 6-year-old on Christmas morning.

"Jesus Billy, its-" Steve checked his watch, sighing after he realized how late it was "-2:38 in the fucking morning."

"So fucking what? You don't like swimming?" Billy replied, raising his eyebrow as if waiting for Steve to give him permission to strip and jump in.

Steve sighed, he had nothing better else to do and it was already too late for him to get enough sleep to go to school tomorrow. Plus, his parents wouldn't be home for another two days, so maybe for a little while, he could act like a normal 18-year-old and just enjoy himself without thinking about Nancy or the Hawkins lab bullshit. He felt like he was telling an eight-year-old that he could go on the swings for 5 minutes.

"Yeah, dipshit, I have a pool. Let's go, lemme' get some towels first."

"Fuck towels, we'll be fine. 'S not that cold." Billy said, already waiting by Steve's front door for him to open it.

"Yeah, you can freeze to death, I'm getting a towel." Steve said, barely unlocking his front door before Billy pushed in and made a beeline for the back door.

Steve ran upstairs while Billy damn near ran straight through the glass door, so excited to get in a pool at two in the morning.

He searched his room to find himself a towel because he wasn't dumb and he knew that after getting out of a heated pool in the middle of the night he would be feeling icy touch of mother nature herself.

He looked out of his window to make sure that Billy was still there, considering the last person with a name that started with b went to his pool alone ended up dead, and was frozen in his tracks.

Billy was standing with his back to the window, with his button up off. He was working on his shoes now, kneeling and bent over completely oblivious to Steve watching him. Next was the jeans, and Steve could swear he felt his heart beating through his chest. Billy was breathing hard, his back muscles flexing and contracting everytime he moved. He had heard people talk about Billy ass around the school, but he had only seen it in jeans or ugly ass gym shorts. Right now, when he was standing there with just his boxers on, Steve swore he was going to faint.

He could no longer deny that he was attracted to Billy.

"Are you gonna keep staring at me, or are you gonna come downstairs and swim?" Billy turned up to look at him through the window, flashing his million-dollar smile.

Guess Steve was more obvious than he thought.

He grabbed his towel and ran downstairs, kicking off his shoes once he reached the bottom of the steps. He hadn't even made it outside before Billy was jumping in the pool, pulling his knees to his chest and screaming. Steve laughed, wondering why Billy acted like he hadn't been to a pool in years. Steve quickly took off the rest of his clothes before joining him.

They splashed around in the pool, bullshitting, raced and just floated for over an hour. After they had finally gotten too tired to do anything else, they decided to get out of the pool and just crash.

"Do you want me to drive you home? I mean its pretty late, you could crash here if you wanted too." Steve said awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck. He wouldn't admit this to himself, but he actually wanted Billy to stay. He wasn't ready for his normal life bubble to pop yet.

"If its fine with you, I'll stay here? I mean it's late and I don't wanna make you drive at nighttime, with you all tired and shit." Billy responded.

Steve knew that there was more too why he wanted to stay, but he wasn't going to press on for more. He hummed in response, stepping out of the pool into the cold ass air. He ran for his towel, quickly wrapping it around his shoulders and hugging it close. Billy laughed then stepped out of the pool, stopping instantly when he realized that it really was ass cold out here.

"Oh, you fucker. Please tell me you were a good friend and bought an extra towel." Billy said, shivering and dripping wet.

Steve suppressed a laugh, shaking his head 'no' because he honestly was trying to stop himself from doubling over in laughter.

Billy stood in place a for a second, glaring at Steve with murder in his

eyes before muttering 'fuck it' and walking over to Steve. He grabbed a corner of the towel, spinning Steve around so the towel was covering both of their backs and their bodies were flush together.

If Steve could pour lava on his right arm right now, this is what it would feel like. His skin was on fire, no longer needing the towel.

They silently walked to the glass door, Steve immediately dropping the towel once they were inside. He walked over to the linens cabinet, looking for a blanket and a pillow to give Billy.

"Y'know, you aren't that bad, Harrington. When you aren't constantly thinking about that girl, and taking care of those damn kids, you aren't that bad," Billy said nonchalantly while looking at some random family picture on Steve's wall, "You are kinda fun to hang out with."

Steve paused for a moment, letting his words sink in. Three months ago, he would've never imagined that Billy Hargrove would be in his house, half naked, telling him that he wasn't that bad. But, if Steve was going to let himself be attracted to Billy, he might as well let himself be his friend.

"You're not that bad either, Hargrove. Not bad at all."

Author's Note:

oh my god this is so short but let me tell you I had a whole ass plan for this and it was supposed to be a one shot but the writing led me where it led me and now it's gonna be a multi chapter so yes this is fun now i have to donate my time to a fic. I'm terrible at this but whatever
kudos and comments are appreciated.
if its bad, tell me. I thrive on criticism